

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost? Because we miss them from our ownward road; God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost, Looked on us all, and loving them the most, Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door— That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing— With angels bright, and loved ones gone before, In their Redeemer's presence evermore, And God Himself their Lord and Judge and King.

And this we call a "loss;" O, selfish sorrow Of selfish hearts? O, we of little faith! Let us look round, argument to borrow Why we in patience should await the morrow— That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look up this dreary desert path, The thorns and thistles where'er we turn; What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath, What struggles and what strife the journey hath! They have escaped from these; and let we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done, Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach, While with the raging wave he battled on, Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone, To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand A little child, had halted by the well To wash from off her feet the clinging sand, And telling the tired boy of that bright land, Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had, Drew near and looked upon the suffering lad.

Then pitying spoke, "Give me the little lad; In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad, I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong, "Nay, but the woe I feel he, too, must share!" Or rather, bursting into grateful song, "She went her way rejoicing, and made strong To struggle on, since he was freed from care."

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust; No outward sign or sound our ears can reach, But there's an inward, spiritual speech That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down— Take up the song where they broke off the strain;

So journeying till we reach the heavenly town, Where are laid up our treasures and our crown, And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—Church of England Magazine.

AN AFTERNOON'S ECONOMY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I'm sure I've always advocated economy, and practiced it, too, for the matter of that. I bought a set of majolica one yesterday on purpose that I might spare the French china; and instead of taking that jeweled singing-bird at two hundred dollars that tempted me so when I was in New York, I went without it, and took a wonderfully-taught mocking-bird at half the price. I'm so sorry the poor thing died! I do have the strangest luck! And then I never give my servants presents of money, but always of my half-worn clothes, so they look about as fine as I do. My silk dresses, by the way, wear a great deal longer than other people's stuff ones; so that if they cost more in the beginning they're cheaper in the end. I always have them turned by Kitty, and made over with something handsome—velvet, you know, to echo out, or lace to hide the cracks; and although Rex says they're like the Scotch laird's hose, of which there was none of the original left, and that it would be a great deal better if there wasn't, since the making over costs more than another whole silk would, and all that nonsense, still the fact remains that there is an exquisite dress, as good as new, which cost nobody a penny; and he can put that in his pipe and smoke it! And there's the velvet and lace besides, to trim another dress by and by, of course—though lace does fray out and catch so. Only the other night, running up to Mrs. Gleason's cottage on the cliff, I just threw my shawl over my head—that lovely Chantilly of Grandma Marsden's—and the wind blew it against the sweet-brier, and the sweet-brier waved one way and I ran the other, and I suppose it will cost me forty dollars to have it mended, if there is a lace-maker in the city who can meddle with that stitch. However, that's neither here nor there. I say I approve of economy—at least I do if he wants me to; at least I used to do so—and Rex says I don't even know how to spell the word, and that when I go shopping I say to the salesman: "Dear me, how cheap! can't you take a little more!"

It wasn't, you know, as if we were in want that we would have this talk about economy; for between the money that dear papa left, and all that Grandma Marsden has given me, and the income entailed on Rex, we are able to do pretty much as we please within bounds, and allow ourselves some one great extravagance every year. We took it last year in a foot of wood. A foot of wood! I'll tell you all about it. But, as I was saying, Rex approves of economy whether I do or not; he thinks he does; he says that's the way papa and Grandma Marsden made and kept; and once he said that to go on as we were going

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1877.

NUMBER 30.

would make a prince come to the end of his purse. And I said: "How do we go?"

"Ad libitum," said he. "And how would you have us go?" I asked.

"As if there were a day after to-morrow," he returned.

"I'm sure, Reginald Parks, I don't know what you mean. As if there were a day after to-morrow! Of course there is unless the world comes to an end."

"I don't mean that. I mean with some thought for the future."

"Oh, if you only mean foresight, I have day after to-morrow's dinner ordered to-day—white soup, salmon, lobster outlets and sweet-breads, roast chicken and tongue, peas and potatoes, and ratatouille pudding and strawberry cream—and I should think that was foresight enough for anybody."

"Dinner enough. A dinner like that for two! Well, after we've picked a little of it, what becomes of the rest?"

"Becomes of the rest? How do you suppose I know?"

"You ought to know."

"Why, it goes into the kitchen."

"And then?"

"Reginald Parks, what on earth has come over you? Do you suppose I'm going round spying through the kitchen to see if the servants eat too much?"

"No, I don't suppose you are. That's just what I say. But I suppose you should."

"Hurry into the kitchen and say, 'Save this, and 'Don't touch that,'—all dressed for dinner, too. That's just your idea of economy, Rex! Take one of my beautiful toilets into that steamy, greasy place where a dinner has just been concocted, keep, perhaps, the breast of a bird, and lose a breadth of silk! You put me in mind of old Tom at his oider barrel, 'saying at the spile and spilling at the bung.'"

"Very inelegant, my dear, and I mean nothing of the sort. If I were a housekeeper, I should go in the morning—"

"My morning toilet: are just as pretty."

"Oh, hang your toilets! I should go in in the morning and take my inventory and my measures together. And if the servants knew you were coming daily to perform the act of superintendence it would make the difference of a couple of dinners a week to us."

"I'd rather take in sewing. I shouldn't dare to look them in the face. The idea of grudging my servants—"

"Oh, Clara, you are perfectly hopeless!" then Rex wound up. And at that I cried, and of course then he had to comfort me; and it was a great deal nicer than if we hadn't quarreled.

"I'm sure I want to economize," I said. "I wear silks but Kitty makes them; and I think they are cheapest in the long run, and one feels so much more comfortable. And then you always used to like to see me in silks."

"And so I do now. Of course I do. It isn't that I would deprive you of a single trifle, Clara, my darling, for anything in the world; nothing is too good for you. It's only—only—Why you never scrutinize an account."

"I deal with honest people. I'd be ashamed to."

"Well, the consequence is that you don't even know the price of mutton, and the tradesmen whack on any price they choose. Now what if we should lose our income by any hocus-pocus?—such things have happened. What should we do?"

"Do? Why, do what other people do. Everybody seems to get along. Creditors allow you something, don't they—so much a day?" And then Rex burst out into a great laugh, and cried: "You are certainly incorrigible, you lovely little idiot!" And we were off for a drive and that was the end of that lesson.

Every once in a while Reginald used to have one of these fits of economy. His mother would say to me when she came over: "Acquiesce in it; agree with him; do your best to meet his wishes, when the fit is on; he'll soon get all he wants of it." And so he did.

You know our little place on the Nausagino Beach? Well, it is so lovely that we determined to make it our permanent home, and go to the city and a hotel for two or three of the worst winter months,

but give up the city house and have only one establishment. Gen. Durcseau's is at the head of the cliff, and he lives there all the year around, and Mrs. Gleason's directly adjoining, and we are down below on the Long Beach, where I don't know how many ships have come ashore, and no end of floats and jetsam, as Rex calls it. Spars come ashore; bales, bottles holding letters, drift-wood half ground to powder; once I picked up a sailor's cap, and once, do you believe, a cradle with a little baby in it, sound asleep, and rocking so sweetly on the waves—I did so want to keep it; but of course a mother had to turn up, rescued, too, on the other side of Gen. Durcseau's cliff. Well, one afternoon Rex and I were walking on the Long Beach, making believe look for the quicksand. It was after dinner time—we had expected Col. M'Manus, but he hadn't come—and of course I was nicely dressed. I always do dress for Rex, but I had taken unusual pains to-day, for Rex had some business reasons for desiring to make some uncommonly good impression on the Colonel. The Colonel was securing a charter for some tremendous undertaking—tunneling Cotopaxi or the Atlantic or something of the sort, sure to make the everlasting fortune of all included; and the Colonel was so irascible, and so important and pompous and haughty, that we wanted he should have the best of everything; so in his absence a magnificent dinner was spoiled, and my superb toilet lost. I had never worn my dress before, either; it was just the last and loveliest shade of royal purple, a melted amethyst, and it was deadened and half covered with black lace, my best and dearest, fine as a cobweb. Of course it was no dress for beach-walking.

"Let us have a five minutes stroll," said Rex. "Perhaps the old bloke went to the other station; I'll send Terence round"; and I had just thrown on my scarf, and gathered my dress up out of harm's way, and had run after him. We hadn't taken ten steps before I found that the fit was on, and that he had it bad. The fact was that, comfortable as we were, Rex had become discontented among richer people, and was nursing the idea that he should like to be a millionaire; and that there were some excellent schemes and chances for capital that he knew about, and it vexed him to think that he had no capital to spare; and he dwelt on it and dwelt on it. It seemed to him to be so ignoble to be living on his grandfather's entailed estate, and to be making nothing of his own; and as we spent every penny every year he decided that the one way to get any capital was to save some, and that I was the one to save it, and if he could only force me into a beginning the thing would be done by a natural momentum. But there—could he change the spots on the leopard?

"See here," said he, that afternoon, as we walked; "look at that. Enough wood to last us near the year round thrown on this shore, and nobody picking up a stick of it!"

"It's nothing but chips," said I.

"Chips!" said he. Let me tell you, chips make as good a blaze as heart can wish. We could burn these chips in every grate we have."

"And go without our beautiful sea-coal fire?"

"Our sea coal costs us thirty dollars a ton, and these chips cost nothing. I suppose if they cost thirty dollars a ton ships would be chartered to bring them from the ends of the earth. As it is, Terence could be gathering them when he has nothing else to do. And as for beauty, Clara, I should like to hear anyone compare the beauty of any coal fire with that of a driftwood blaze, rolling all manner of splendid alkaline-dyed flashes of color up the chimney!"

"O well," said I, "if you think it will be nice to have baskets of these poverty-stricken chips standing round the hearth, making no end of a dust and litter, the fire fed every two minutes, or else all out, and the little sparks snapping everywhere, you'd better try it. There's no excuse for a wood fire anyway, unless its of whole logs, with a tremendous core of red heat, in a huge chimney big enough to warm a castle."

"But they'd certainly burn in the kitchen stoves."

"I'd like to hear you asking Nora to burn them instead of her Lackawanna and Franklin. They'd have time to do

nothing else in the kitchen but feed the fire. 'Tisn't even in the right shape for kindling there."

"Clara, I believe you disdain the very idea of economizing anywhere."

"I don't see any economy in it. If it were necessary, it would be a very disagreeable necessity. But if we can't afford to buy our coal we had better shut up the house, and dismiss the servants, and live in a tent, and burn our chips outside it, under the bake-kettle."

"Very practical. I'm glad to see you know what a bake-kettle is."

"Well, did you marry me for a cook?"

"What a little fraud you'd have been if I had! Come, don't be silly. I did not marry you to be ruined by careless waste and extravagance."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"What do you call it then? Here are cords of drift-wood thrown up with almost every tide, and instead of harvesting it we let it wash away with the next, and you laugh at me and get angry and call me names if I propose to save some of it."

"Call you names!"

"Yes, you do. You think it's mean and sordid."

"I never said so, anyway. That's your guilty conscience. O pshaw! I think it's silly and very impractical."

"Well, I don't care what you think!" Here's the beach covered with this light wood, and I'm going to call the servants and have it gathered before dark."

"You can't; for Terence is waiting with the horses at the other station for the Colonel, and you gave little Jim leave to go to his grandmother's, and it is Hannah's evening out, and Kitty must be in readiness to wait on table; and so there's nobody but Nora, and she's busy and it isn't her work, and she'd refuse to do it, and that would make you angry, and I should lose a good cook."

"Five servants to wait upon two people! It's shameful!" groaned Rex.

"They're not waiting on two people! They're taking care of the grounds, the horses, the house and cooking for company more than for us."

"Well, then, if there's nobody else, I'll do it myself," he said, desperately—"I'll do it myself."

"And I'll sit down here and see how long it will be before you're tired of it."

"I dare say you will!" he exclaimed savagely. "I suppose it would break your back to pick up one of these chips!"

"Oh, if that's what you mean," cried I, in an answering fury—we did fight just like children—if you want your wife for a drudge, I guess I can pick up wood as long as the next one!" I declare I didn't seem to know Rex any longer, and I'm very sure he didn't know me. I doubled up my skirt and pinned it back like a fishwoman—I didn't have another pin about me than that long gold one that you used to admire so, with the diamond head, but I quilted it in; and I tied a knot in my scarf—it was my old rose-colored and gold India mantle; and I ran and caught this stick and that stick and hurled them up the beach, and Rex was tossing them up, too; and before I knew it there was a stack of them, and I was determined that my stack should be as big as his; and presently he stopped and slapped the dust off his hands and looked at me and laughed.

"What do you mean to do with your pile when it is done?" said he.

"Set fire to it, and run away by the light of it," said I.

"No, I wouldn't," said he. "It would be a great deal better to kiss your husband and make up." And so we did—and there was never anybody to see on our Long Beach. "No," said Rex, "I don't want you to do this. I'm just going to finish these piles myself to show Terence what he could do in a spare hour, and what he's neglecting."

"Oh, I think it's good fun," said I; and at it we went again, each trying to outdo the other; now gathering the dry splinters, now growing greedy and trying to fetch in some big stick floating in a little bight, and reaching out for it, sure to lose my balance and plunge in over shoes and scream and run—my beautiful new French boots that I had paid twenty dollars for the last time I was in town, and they wouldn't even do for Kitty now! But no matter, we were having a royal time, and had forgotten all about old Colonel M'Manus.

"If you know how it made you look, you'd take such exercise every day," Rex stopped long enough to get breath and

say: "Your cheeks are like two red roses."

And of course I didn't stay at that; and a gay half hour it was. All at once I felt wet to my skin, and I looked, and there was the skirt of my dress that I had pinned up so carefully all down and drabbled, and the front of it wet through with the dripping of the last wood I had saved, and the pin—"Oh, I've lost the pin!" I exclaimed—"my beautiful long diamond-headed pin!"

"You have! Well, charge it to profit and loss," said Rex. "It would be idle to look for it on this sand and shingle—a needle in a haystack, and a dark haystack, too, presently. It's gone to keep company with my cuff button."

"O Rex! One of your wonderful cuff buttons!" I cried, standing still with my armful. They were antiques—one of the very things, they said, when we bought them at Rome, that Cellini had of the peasants, who found them in turning up the ancient soil about the vines—heads of Caesar exquisitely cut in onyx.

And just then, as I was exclaiming, a wave came running up behind me and knocked my feet up like two nine-pins, and I fell face down, and the wood in my arms struck my necklace of carved coral roses, and they flew a hundred ways at once; and the next instant there was a great sound in my ears, and I felt the world going away from under me, and Rex seized me just in time and pulled and threw me up the sand, and there was a whole shelf of the beach torn down and gone, and my corals with it.

"The scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave," said Rex, laughing, for fear I should be crying.

"You're not hurt, darling?"

"Oh, quick! quick! I'm sinking!" I cried in an agony. And so I was—in the quicksand, which we had always heard moved up and down the Long Beach, but which we had never believed in because we couldn't find it. "I'll be sucked in in a moment!" I shrieked.

"Something's pulling me underneath! Boards—quick—one of the planks! O Rex! Rex! What a horrible death! I am going! Oh, good by, darling!" And the last I knew I saw him flat on his face crawling towards me over the sand. And when I opened my eyes again I was in my own bed, with Rex hanging distractedly over the foot of it, and the doctor putting a spoon between my teeth, and all the lamps in the house burning. And if I had been dying I should have laughed at Kitty as she stood just within the door of the dressing-room holding up in dismay a mass of mud and finery that she would never be able to make over for herself.

"Surely," said Nora, looking in next day, "it's lucky the jentlemin wint aff he come the night, for the mather was that wild he'd ha' niver sane him."

"What gentleman," says I.

"The wan Teddy wint to fetch an' missed."

"Oh, Col. M'Manus! Then he has come!"

"An' gone. By the same token, when he found there was niver a sow to rescue him, and the dinner burned to a cinder as I towled him, an' he overlooked like, he tares up and down, an' av 'twas Ted I should be after sayin' he was at onst, but bein' a jentlemin—" and Nora turned away, her arms in her apron, and her nose in the air. But the sarcasm doing her good she came back presently. "Ye poor darlin'!" said she—"I never could teach my servants the least respect for me—I was that scared when I see myself bringin' ye in, a lump of mud, an' he as white as the back of your hand, that I forgot intirely the message the big Colonel left."

"Message?"

"Jist that. To give Mr. Parks his card, and say that Col. M'Manus—bad cess to the likes of him!—had no time to travel a hander miles twice!"

When I was well and about again we were out on the Long Beach another twilight, but taking excellent care of our steps, and keeping quite on this side of the two great piles of drift-wood that adorned it.

"How much wood do you suppose there is in these piles, Rex?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe a foot."

"A foot! How absurd!—and the piles half as high as I am!"

"Oh, not any more. An eighth of a cord is putting it large."

"And how much is it wood a cord?" I persisted, with aggravating pertinacity.

ity.

"Oh, come now, Clara, I know what you are driving at. Eight or nine dollars," and he swore a little under his breath, I thought.

"You'd better," said I. "There's a dollar's worth of wood there—I like to scrutinize my accounts, you know—let's see what it cost us; one diamond-headed pin, one coral neck-lace, one amethyst silk dress, one Brussels lace overdress, one pair of French boots, one India mantle, one priceless and antique intaglio, one dress-suit, one pair of Paris gaiters, doctor's and druggist's bills. *Per contra*, one foot of—"

"And the whole of it," cried Rex, "a trifle, a bagatelle, a mere fraction. It cost us the chance in M'Manus' great enterprise, that's just as sure to win as the sun is to rise to-morrow. A duced dear foot of wood! Clara, I never mean to preach or practice one jot or tittle of economy again. We may starve, but we'll never economize."

"That's a dear boy! Now let's burn it; we piled it up to burn, you know." And I had snatched his match-safe and was running towards the piles, Rex following.

"There it goes!" said I at last, comfortably retreating. "They're funeral pyres. We'll throw on them all our economy."

"And our desire to be millionaires."

"And our quarrelling."

"And our fear of coming to the poor-house."

And as the great rosy sheets of crackling fire went wallowing up the dark purple of the late twilight, and making the shivering stars retreat before it, anybody up in Gen. Durcseau's windows, looking down, might have seen two crazy young people, with their arms about each other, in its light, who felt that they were disposing of every care in life and all their small ills.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Life at the Thousand Island House.

The correspondent of the New York Times says: There have always been two distinct classes of society here. Those who compose the most numerous set, come to catch fish, and devote themselves almost entirely to that pursuit. The other class is made up of young ladies and gentlemen from Watertown, Utica, and a number of the small cities of New York and the West. They come here for the beautiful scenery, they say, but it is noticeable that they dance a good deal, and "they do say, them as knows," that dancing leads to flirtation in row-boats, and that this sort of thing is very frequently concluded late in the season by a trip to some secluded island, where, because she is "all alone, so far from home," &c., the young lady says "yes," and puts the youth out of his misery—the whole drama being ended some months later by a plain gold ring and four bridesmaids. There is more than one of the Thousand Islands that could tell a romance not unlike the above.

Every horse owner should become in a measure acquainted with the peculiarities of his horses' hoofs, and the special needs required in each case. He should be competent to make suggestions and judge of the work done. A stumbling horse may often be cured of the habit by judicious shoeing, and one-half the horses a little lame are made so by the work of the farrier. The weight of the shoe is a matter of much importance. A carriage horse for light driving needs a shoe of much less weight than a dray or omnibus horse, and yet the same class of shoes is often applied to both. But few have any adequate conception of the amount of muscular force expended by the horse in carrying his shoes. A French investigator estimates that a Paris horse in his day's work of four hours and with shoes weighing two pounds, lifts weight on their account of 115,200 pounds.

Fertinent Questions.

Why is Russia so anxious for a war at a time when her credit is almost exhausted, and her recent victories in Asia have cost so many lives? The pretence of protecting Christians sounds at least strange from a government that calls it felony if a person leaves the Orthodox Church for another creed; it seems ridiculous that a government will fight for tolerance and persecute at the same time the Catholics in Poland with the greatest severity; and orders lashes for the members of the Unitarian Greek Church, who refuse to accept the orthodox faith—fifty lashes with a Cossack's whip for a man, twenty-five for a woman, and ten for a child.—*International Review*.

A captain caught an Irish boy in the middle watch frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out: "You lubber, you! I'll have none of that!" "Faith, captain, I've none for ye," replied the lad.

In the Arabian Nights is the story of a mountain load-stone which drew towards it, by its tremendous power of attraction, every piece of iron that was brought within the range of its influence. Even ships at sea, passing near the shore of the land where was that mountain, felt its force on their anchors and chains and bars, so that they were irresistibly drawn closer and closer to it, until the very bolts and nails started from the beams and planks of the doomed vessels, and fastened themselves on the sides of the destroying mountain, while the ships fell to pieces in consequence, and their passengers and crew were lost in the great sea. Prudent sailors gave that shore a wide berth. It would have been criminal folly for them to go nearer to it than was needful. But the danger from that fabled mountain was less than is the peril from intoxicating drinks.

The Music of the Soul.

BY JOHN R. GOUGH.

I was in Church in a strange city once, and the sexton showed me into the same pew with another person, whose looks impressed me unfavorably. The stranger had a face like mottled soap, which twitched as if a sheet of lightning had run all over it, and every now and then his lips would twist and give utterance to a strange spasmodic sound. I got as far away from him as I could. Presently the hymn was given out, and the congregation rose to sing.

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me."

I saw that the man knew the hymn, and said to myself, "He can't be so disagreeable, after all." I got nearer. He would sing. It was positively awful. I never heard anything like it, and occasionally he would make that strange noise with his lips. Then he'd commence again and sing faster, to catch up with the other singers, and perhaps he'd run ahead. They came to the next verse. He'd forgotten the first line, and while the organist was performing the interlude, he leaned toward me and whispered,

"Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse?" I did so:

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind."

"That's it," said he; "I am blind—God help me!"—and the tears came running down his face, and the eyelids quivered—"and I am wretched, and I am paralytic."

And then he tried to sing,

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind."

At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard a Beethoven symphony in my life with as much music in it as in that hymn sung by that poor man whom Christianity had made happy in his lot.

The Finniest of Marriages.

A good story is told of how Buffalo Bill performed the ceremony of marriage while he was Justice of the Peace. It was his first attempt, and the applicants were of the true Western type. They called upon Cody in the log cabin where he held his justice office. Bill had a book of forms, which he took down and studied attentively to get some idea of how he should tie the knot. There were forms for nearly every transaction of life, but he failed to find what he was looking for, and finally slammed the book down and observed to the parties:

"You two fellers' join hands!" and the "two fellers" did so.

Then he said to the groom:

"Are you willing to take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to love her, honor her and obey her?"

"You bet your bates," was the response of the bashful hair-lifter.

"And you, miss, are you willing to take this here man to be your wedded husband, to love him, honor him and support him?"

She giggled, and nodded in the affirmative, but this didn't suit Bill, who said:

"See here, miss, we have got to have this thing on a dead square, and we can't marry folks by halves in this country. We are bound to go the whole hog. If you want this here man for your husband you must speak out and say so, as though you meant it sure. I will ask you again: Will you take this here man to be your lawful wedded husband, to love him, honor him, and support him?"

This time the lady responded bravely, "Yes, sir, I will."

This satisfied his Honor, and he remarked:

"That settles it. Now, look here, you two, your man and

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate
Editor,
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, Editor,
677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign
Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are payable in advance. Remit by post
office money order, or by registered letter.
For terms, cash in advance.
Contributions, Subscriptions, and Business
Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1877.

Quarterly Services in Albany.

The quarterly service for deaf-mutes
will be held in St. Paul's Church, Al-
bany, on Sunday, July 29th, at 2:30 p.
m., the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiating.

Notice of Religious Meetings.

APPOINTMENTS TO BE FILLED BY REV. A.
W. MANN.

Detroit, Mich.,	July 29th.
Jackson, Mich.,	" 30th.
Jacksonville, Ill.,	Aug. 5th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	" 8th.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 12th.
Milwaukee, Wis.,	" 19th.
Dayton, Ohio,	" 23d.
Newport, Ky.,	" 24th.
Cincinnati, O.,	" 26th.

The friends residing at these points
are requested to do the favor of making
the notices as general as possible.

Professor Johnson's Fast Roadster.

Prof. Alfonso Johnson, a teacher in
the Rome Institution for Deaf-mutes is
visiting deaf-mute friends in this place.
Last Friday he came from Auburn by a
circuitous route, making a distance of
sixty miles. He left Auburn at 8 a. m.,
and drove through with his horse and
buggy, reaching this place before dark
notwithstanding the bad condition of
some of the roads, owing to the recent
heavy rains. Mr. Johnson may, without
being considered vain, congratulate him-
self on having a smart horse.

Elmira Convention.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE
ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES,
AUG. 29 AND 30, 1877.

The Convention will open Wednesday,
Aug. 29th, at 9 o'clock a. m., commencing,
as far as decided, with the following

PROGRAMME.

The President's address. Reports of
officers. Varied remarks by distinguished
persons, deaf-mutes and others, during
which important questions may be dis-
cussed.

Hon. Robert T. Turner,
MAYOR OF ELMIRA,
will open the morning session with a
short speech.

Afternoon Session.

At 2 o'clock, the orator of the day,
Prof. S. T. Greene of the Belleville (Can-
ada) Institution for Deaf-mutes, or his
substitute, Prof. T. H. Jewell of the
New York Institution, will discourse
upon subjects of interest and importance.
Addresses by distinguished guests.

Wednesday Evening.

At 7:15 o'clock services for deaf-mutes
and their friends will be held at Trinity
Church, the Rev. Dr. Knight, Rector.
The service will be read orally and inter-
preted by signs at the same time by Rev.
Dr. Gallaudet, who will make an in-
teresting address.

Thursday Morning.

At 7 o'clock, in the same church, there
will be a celebration of the Holy Com-
munion, and short service before break-
fast.

At nine o'clock sharp the association
will assemble and proceed to the election
of officers for the two years ending Aug.,
1879.

Ladies and gentlemen attending will
find a long duster handy, and are advised
to bring one. The following hotels will
receive deaf-mutes at the annexed rates:
Rathbun House, \$2.50
Pennsylvania House, 2.00
Homestead Hotel, 1.00
Pattinson House, 1.25
Prairie House, 2.50
Delevan House, 2.00

The two latter houses are opposite the
depot, and both good places. The Rath-
bun is on Water St., and the best in
town. The Homestead is on the same
street, and is good for the price.

RAILROAD FARES REDUCED.

The Erie railway company will pass
persons attending the convention from
any station on its line and numerous
branches to Elmira at two-thirds fare.
Parties from Rochester and western
points will probably find this the best
and cheapest route. Also those from
southern and eastern points.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & West-
ern will carry over all its road at half
fare. It has the following lines all cen-
tering in Binghamton, N. Y. From
Syracuse (Syracuse & Binghamton
R.R.), from Utica (Utica & Chenango
Valley R.R.), from New York and Scranton
(N. Y. & Scranton R.R.), thence to
Binghamton over the main line, and
also from innumerable points along the
branches. From Binghamton to El-
mira take the Erie railway. Buy all
tickets on the Delaware, Lackawanna &
Western from the point you start to
Binghamton. The Delaware, Lacka-

wanna & Western company has also a
branch from Ithaca to Oswego and thence
to Elmira by Erie railway.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal com-
pany will pass persons from any station
on its road—from Schenectady, Rutland,
Fort Edward, Montreal, Granville, Troy,
Albany, &c., to Binghamton at two-thirds
fare. From Binghamton to Elmira via
Erie railway. From Albany to Binghamton
via Susquehanna railroad.

The proper way to secure the
benefits of reduced rates is to pay the
railroad company full fare from the sta-
tion you start from to Elmira when you
go over the Erie railway, and to Bingham-
ton if over the Delaware, Lacka-
wanna & Western R.R. or the Albany
& Susquehanna railroad. Returning the
Secretary of the convention will give you
a certificate which will enable you to
get a return ticket to the point you
came from for one-third fare if over the
Erie railway and free over the Delaware,
Lackawanna & Western railroad. Over
the Albany & Susquehanna railroad the
return fare will be one cent per mile,
which is at the rate of two-thirds fare
for the round trip. New York parties
have the choice of the Erie or the Dela-
ware, Lackawanna & Western, with
cheapness in favor of the latter.

Parties from Central and Northern
New York, if they want to go and re-
turn cheaply, should take the Delaware,
Lackawanna & Western at either Syracuse
or Utica. A person leaving Oswego can
travel through to Binghamton for
about \$4, returning free, with round
trip from Binghamton to Elmira \$2.40.
Total fare from Oswego to Elmira and
return \$6.40.

Parties from Pennsylvania points
reached by the Delaware, Lackawanna &
Western railroad should take that line.
From Philadelphia and other large points
there are excursion rates to Elmira which
parties can obtain by application at the
railroad office. The Northern Central
railroad is yet to be heard from; and
if it offers special rates, announcement
will be made at once. If Pennsylvania
deaf-mutes will communicate with the
Secretary, he will advise them properly.

Grand excursion to

WATKINS GLEN.
Thursday afternoon. Train leaves at 12 1/2
p. m., returning at 6 1/2 or 8 1/2, giving the
excursionists six hours or more at the
Glen. Tickets from Elmira to Watkins
and return, including admission to the
Glen, \$1.20. For sale by the Treasurer
of the Association and other officers of
the Convention.

Among the distinguished persons ex-
pected to be present are Rev. Dr. Gal-
laudet, Dr. J. L. Peet, Prof. Westervelt
of the Western New York Institution,
Rev. A. W. Mann of Ohio, Prof. Job
Turner of Mass., and, if he arrives from
Europe in time, Prof. Nelson of the
Central New York Institution.

Let all who can, attend and have a
pleasant and enjoyable time.

H. C. RIDER, Pres't.

F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common
Prayer.

Sunday, July 29th.

The Psalter for the 29th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xvi.
2d Lesson—Acts xxvi.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xxii.
2d Lesson—James i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Aug. 5th.

The Psalter for the 5th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xxiii.
2d Lesson—Acts xxviii.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Numbers xxiv.
2d Lesson—James ii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
tenth Sunday after Trinity.

Was it Policy Instead of Politics?

We find the following amusing yarn
in the *American Annals of the Deaf and
Dumb*, published at Washington, D. C.,
and edited by Edward A. Fay and an-
named of other persons. The facts of the
matter are very different from those sta-
ted in the following article, and are fully
substantiated by the books and re-
cords of the Institution. We have no de-
sire to go into a critical examination of
the affairs of the Institution at the
time the present Board of Trustees took
charge, as we think that entirely un-
necessary; but we can add for the infor-
mation of Mr. Fay, that the appropriations
by the State for the Institution while
Mr. McWhorter was its Superintendent
were never less than \$10,000. This year
the appropriation is only \$8,000. Further,
that Mr. McWhorter drew a salary,
never less than \$2,000 per annum, all
the while he was in the Institution,
except the last month or two before he
was succeeded by Major Preston, when
the salary was, owing to the small approp-
riation, necessarily cut down to \$1,200
per annum. As a further answer to Mr.
Fay's yarn we would request him to pro-
cure a transcript of the monthly expen-
ses under Mr. McWhorter's superintend-
ency and compare that with a transcript
of monthly expenses under Major Pres-
ton's superintendency. By this comparison
of the last month of McWhorter's
administration and the first month of
Preston's administration he will find a
very potent reason for the change. It
was a matter of economy with the Board
and not of politics. We dislike very much
to refer to this matter, but when the
Board is thus slandered and their action
willfully misrepresented, we feel that to

withhold the facts that prompted their
action would be doing the Board an in-
justice. When Mr. Fay or any other
person says the Board of the Deaf and
Dumb Institution have mixed politics
with its management, he simply asserts a
falsity. As a teacher of the deaf and
dumb Mr. McWhorter was no doubt
competent, but the present Board was
not satisfied with his management of the
affairs of the Institution, and hence they
exercised a legal right to fill the place
he had occupied with another, who has
so far given entire satisfaction to the
Board. In future it would greatly aid
Mr. Fay in the promulgation of truth if
he would post himself with facts before
he flies off into accusations as false as
they are silly. Here is what he says:

Louisiana Institution.—Mr. McWhor-
ter has been compelled to retire from the
position of principal, and is succeeded by
Major Preston, a gentleman who is new
to the profession. Mr. McWhorter is
admitted by all to have been an efficient
and successful officer, and during the
past two years he has carried on the In-
stitution with little pecuniary aid from
the State and receiving no salary him-
self; now he is removed because, while
keeping aloof from politics, he is not ac-
tively in sympathy with the party in
power.

This tendency to bring the question of
politics into the management of institu-
tions for the deaf and dumb, which has
recently manifested itself in some of the
Southern States, is very much to be re-
gretted and condemned. While it does
great injustice to the men who have de-
voted themselves to the interests of
those institutions under trying and diffi-
cult circumstances, the chief sufferers
are the pupils, who are thus deprived of
skillful and faithful officers. The evil is
increased when the institutions are placed
in the hands of persons who have
had no previous acquaintance with the
instruction of deaf-mutes.—*Daily Advo-
cate, Baton Rouge, La., July 11th, '77.*

Letter from Greenacres.

Correspondence of The Journal.

GREENACRES, IND., July 12.—The re-
ception given last evening by Mrs. Corwin
and family, of this city, to her son W. R.
and his bride, was a most brilliant af-
fair. Mrs. Corwin's roomy residence,
on Washington street, was thronged
with invited guests who spent the hours
most pleasantly until 10:30, at which
time Mr. Corwin and bride, accompanied
by Miss Hiatt, an accomplished teacher
in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at In-
dianapolis, and Mr. George Corwin, a
brother of the groom, made their ap-
pearance. Having missed the afternoon
train, the bridal party reached Greenacres
by a night express. The groom is a
mute, but owing to his unusual bright-
ness, the patient care of his faithful
mother, who taught him the deaf and
dumb alphabet before he was three
years old, and the thorough instruction
received at the Deaf and Dumb Insti-
tute at Indianapolis, he is possessed of
remarkable intelligence. Miss Sadie
Crabbs, the bride, is also a mute. She
was educated at Indianapolis, and being
noticeably apt, was selected as one of the
most promising pupils upon whom the
experiment of articulation could be tried.
The results were satisfactory. Miss
Crabbs being able now to speak intelli-
gently with a tolerably even tone of voice.
The method used was an invention of
Prof. Bell, who, after seeing its success
in various institutes, of which those of
Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois stand at the
head, he is said to have exclaimed, "If I
can make mutes talk I can make iron
talk," and proceeded to verify the state-
ment in the invention of the telephone.
Miss Hiatt is a mute. George Corwin,
a graduate of Asbury, and well acquainted
with the language of the party, acted
as interpreter. They took their place
at the head of the table, where formal
introductions were made to Rev. G. G.
Mitchell and wife, Hon. D. E. William-
son and wife, and as many of the other
guests as the time would allow. All
agree that the grace and ease with which
the bridal party performed their part
was simply wonderful. After a supper
which, for excellence, abundance and vari-
ety, is seldom equaled, and to which the
appreciative friends gave their atten-
tion for a full hour, pleasant greetings
were exchanged and "best wishes" show-
ered upon the handsome and happy pair.
They remain here visiting among friends
until next Monday, at which time they
will return to Indianapolis, where a re-
ception is to be given them by Superin-
tendent McIntire, and then go to their
new home, Walkertown. Although
both have been successful teachers at In-
dianapolis they prefer home life, espe-
cially as the confinement of the Institute
was wearing somewhat upon Mr. Cor-
win's health. He will engage in a new
method of fruit-drying.

THE INSTITUTION AT PRESENT HAS 102
PUPILS; 35 OF WHOM ARE APPOINTED
STATE PUPILS OF NEW YORK, WHILE 35
ARE BENEFICIARIES OF ERIE AND OTHER
COUNTIES. THE SEXES ARE NEARLY EVENLY
REPRESENTED, AND THE AGES OF THE PUPILS
RANGE FROM FOUR OR FIVE TO SIXTEEN OR EIGHTEEN.

The examination was held in the large
and airy school-room of the Institution,
the walls of which are hung with maps,
pictures and charts, while at one end is a
stage, equipped with a couple of large
blackboards. The principal, Sister Mary
Anne Burke, and her assistants, having
marshaled their young charges into the
room

THE EXERCISES

began with the examination of a class
of eighteen beginners, boys and girls, in-
cluding some of the youngest pupils.
These had been taught the alphabet
of the manual language, and were
able to spell words of three letters.
Meanwhile a couple of bright-looking
boys, of about fifteen years, had rapidly
covered the two blackboards with a
well-written and correctly-composed ad-
dress of welcome and thanks to the vis-
itors present. This was in itself won-
derful enough, but when one of the lads
faced the audience and delivered his
written speech to the audience, with a
peculiar but perfectly distinct articula-
tion, the wonder was decidedly increased.
The boy, it proved, had lost the sense of
hearing by disease when nine years old,
so that his voice had been recovered and
preserved by means of the system of

"VISIBLE SPEECH"

which is in use at the Institution. And,
before proceeding farther, it will perhaps
be well to say a few words descriptive
of its value and application to the teach-
ing of deaf-mutes to speak. "Visible
speech" is the invention of Professor
Alexander Melville Bell, formerly of
London and Edinburgh and now of
Brantford, Ontario, and has been applied
to the instruction of deaf-mutes in this
country by his son, Prof. A. Graham
Bell, of Boston, the well-known inventor
of the telephone. It is based, in the first
place, on a scientific analysis of all the
vocal organs, and its alphabet is a strictly
physiological one; that is, each sign is
a pictorial representation of the posi-
tion of the organs when a given sound
is to be produced by them. Thus, when
the pupil is taught—which can rapidly
be done—to associate the placing of his
lips, tongue, &c., in a certain position,
with the representation of that position
drawn on the blackboard or printed in
a book, he is led to produce the sound
called for by the proper symbol. In
brief, the writing in Bell's alphabet is
simply what its title asserts it to be,
viz:

SPEECH RENDERED VISIBLE,

or described in picture. By its means
any sound whatever, which the human
voice is capable of producing can be
written down with absolute accuracy,
while on the other hand a person versed

in its alphabet can at once translate the
written symbols into the required sound,
no matter how uncouth or foreign to his
own language the sound may be.

In the application of the system to
the teaching of deaf-mutes, great pa-
tience, persistence and tact on the part
of the teacher are of course required.
It may be confidently asserted, however,
that the same amount of time and effort
devoted to the teaching of a pupil to ac-
quire the mastery of the piano, or any
other musical instrument, will suffice to
teach a deaf-mute of average faculty the
command of that most complex of all
musical instruments, his own voice. The
intelligent mother of a deaf-mute child,
who should thoroughly master the sys-
tem, might thus have it in her power,
by patient and protracted effort, to all
but repair the terrible defect of her
offspring.

"Visible Speech" is employed in the
St. Mary's School only as an adjunct to
the sign language. Moreover, in the
death of one of the sisterhood who dis-
played the greatest ability in teaching it,
a drawback to this feature of instruction
has been sustained. Nevertheless enough
was shown in Thursday's examination to
attest the capabilities of the system.

The lad above spoken of as having de-
livered an address, was followed by his
companion in a similar oral effort. This
second boy is a congenital deaf-mute, so
that such articulation as he is capable
of is entirely the result of the Bell meth-
od. His speech was indistinct, yet in
the pronunciation of single words he
can be understood; when his teacher
wrote on the blackboard a few enigmat-
ical looking characters, he at once turned
around and articulated the words "Judge
Smith."

Following the addresses came an ex-
amination in succession of the various
classes of the school. The class in the
first year wrote on the blackboard with
considerable rapidity and correctness
short sentences spoken to them by their
teacher in the sign language. They also
wrote their own names with great facility.
June 19, 1877.

Educating Deaf-Mutes.

AN INTERESTING EXAMINATION OF THE
PUPILS OF THE LE COUTELUX ST.
MARY'S INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRU-
CTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

(From the Buffalo Courier, June 17, 1877.)

The annual examination of the pupils
of the Le Couteux St. Mary's Institu-
tion for the Instruction of Deaf-mutes,
on Edward street, took place last Thurs-
day afternoon. Besides the friends of
the pupils, a number of gentlemen at-
tended as interested observers of the
methods by which the good Sisters of
the institution succeed in teaching,
awakening and informing the minds of
the unfortunate class to whose welfare
they devote themselves. Among those
present we noticed Rev. Father Hines,
President of the Board of Trustees of
the Institution; Rev. Fathers Lanigan,
Early, Kelly and other clergymen;
Judges Jas. M. Smith and Cochran, ex-
Mayor Dayton, Drs. Lathrop and Howe,
and other noted persons.

The institution at present has 102
pupil inmates; 35 of whom are appoint-
ed State pupils of New York, while 35
are beneficiaries of Erie and other coun-
ties. The sexes are nearly evenly rep-
resented, and the ages of the pupils range
from four or five to sixteen or eighteen.
The examination was held in the large
and airy school-room of the Institution,
the walls of which are hung with maps,
pictures and charts, while at one end is a
stage, equipped with a couple of large
blackboards. The principal, Sister Mary
Anne Burke, and her assistants, having
marshaled their young charges into the
room

THE EXERCISES

began with the examination of a class
of eighteen beginners, boys and girls, in-
cluding some of the youngest pupils.
These had been taught the alphabet
of the manual language, and were
able to spell words of three letters.
Meanwhile a couple of bright-looking
boys, of about fifteen years, had rapidly
covered the two blackboards with a
well-written and correctly-composed ad-
dress of welcome and thanks to the vis-
itors present. This was in itself won-
derful enough, but when one of the lads
faced the audience and delivered his
written speech to the audience, with a
peculiar but perfectly distinct articula-
tion, the wonder was decidedly increased.
The boy, it proved, had lost the sense of
hearing by disease when nine years old,
so that his voice had been recovered and
preserved by means of the system of

"VISIBLE SPEECH"

which is in use at the Institution. And,
before proceeding farther, it will perhaps
be well to say a few words descriptive
of its value and application to the teach-
ing of deaf-mutes to speak. "Visible
speech" is the invention of Professor
Alexander Melville Bell, formerly of
London and Edinburgh and now of
Brantford, Ontario, and has been applied
to the instruction of deaf-mutes in this
country by his son, Prof. A. Graham
Bell, of Boston, the well-known inventor
of the telephone. It is based, in the first
place, on a scientific analysis of all the
vocal organs, and its alphabet is a strictly
physiological one; that is, each sign is
a pictorial representation of the posi-
tion of the organs when a given sound
is to be produced by them. Thus, when
the pupil is taught—which can rapidly
be done—to associate the placing of his
lips, tongue, &c., in a certain position,
with the representation of that position
drawn on the blackboard or printed in
a book, he is led to produce the sound
called for by the proper symbol. In
brief, the writing in Bell's alphabet is
simply what its title asserts it to be,
viz:

SPEECH RENDERED VISIBLE,

or described in picture. By its means
any sound whatever, which the human
voice is capable of producing can be
written down with absolute accuracy,
while on the other hand a person versed

in its alphabet can at once translate the
written symbols into the required sound,
no matter how uncouth or foreign to his
own language the sound may be.

In the application of the system to
the teaching of deaf-mutes, great pa-
tience, persistence and tact on the part
of the teacher are of course required.
It may be confidently asserted, however,
that the same amount of time and effort
devoted to the teaching of a pupil to ac-
quire the mastery of the piano, or any
other musical instrument, will suffice to
teach a deaf-mute of average faculty the
command of that most complex of all
musical instruments, his own voice. The
intelligent mother of a deaf-mute child,
who should thoroughly master the sys-
tem, might thus have it in her power,
by patient and protracted effort, to all
but repair the terrible defect of her
offspring.

"Visible Speech" is employed in the
St. Mary's School only as an adjunct to
the sign language. Moreover, in the
death of one of the sisterhood who dis-
played the greatest ability in teaching it,
a drawback to this feature of instruction
has been sustained. Nevertheless enough
was shown in Thursday's examination to
attest the capabilities of the system.

The lad above spoken of as having de-
livered an address, was followed by his
companion in a similar oral effort. This
second boy is a congenital deaf-mute, so
that such articulation as he is capable
of is entirely the result of the Bell meth-
od. His speech was indistinct, yet in
the pronunciation of single words he
can be understood; when his teacher
wrote on the blackboard a few enigmat-
ical looking characters, he at once turned
around and articulated the words "Judge
Smith."

Following the addresses came an ex-
amination in succession of the various
classes of the school. The class in the
first year wrote on the blackboard with
considerable rapidity and correctness
short sentences spoken to them by their
teacher in the sign language. They also
wrote their own names with great facility.
June 19, 1877.

The class of the second year wrote
from similar dictation words of two and
three syllables, following this by a sen-
tence in which a given word was employ-
ed. This exercise developed the inevi-
table difficulty of teaching the deaf-mute
to use the verbs and participles of the lan-
guage, as also words expressive of ab-
stract ideas. The tendency is to get the
substantive into a prominent place in
the sentence without much regard to the
position of the other parts of speech.
The second year pupils also wrote the
days of the week.

The next higher class were able not
only to write words at dictation, but also their
definitions. They were also examined
in the history of the United States, Geog-
raphy, Bible History, composition, &c.
They also gave answers to various theo-
logical questions, such as: "God made
man to love and serve him in this world,
and to be happy with him in the next."

We should remark here that all the
pupils showed remarkable

FACILITY AND PRECISION IN CHIROG-
RAPHY.

Children of six and eight years at St.
Mary's write better than those of double
their age and frequently does in ordi-
nary schools. It would seem that na-
ture thus strives to make up to the fin-
gers what she has denied to the ear.

The class of pupils in their third and
fourth years was next examined. They
gave intelligent answers—all the pupils
taking turns at the blackboard—to ques-
tions in Geography, Arithmetic and Am-
erican History. Nor were their replies
given entirely by rote, for in almost ev-
ery case each pupil's answer varied in
form from that of his classmate. One
of the pupils in this class, in answer to a
query from a gentleman present, was
able to tell the audience that the Mayor
of Buffalo is "Phillip Becker."

The closing exercises were designed
to show the process of

INSTRUCTION IN ARTICULATION
and lip-reading, by the "Visible Speech"
system already spoken of. All the pu-
pils in the school, from the youngest up,
are drilled in this part of the St. Mary's
curriculum, and it was interesting to see
how readily the little ones seemed to
catch the idea of using their vocal organs
in the production of the principal sounds.
Sisters Alexis and Sebastian, who, with
the principal, have charge of this valu-
able department, have certainly every rea-
son to be encouraged in their labor of
love and patience.

At the close of the examination Fath-
er Hines thanked the audience for their
presence, and announced the programme
for the evening, at which a dramatic per-
formance in the sign language, translat-
ed to the audience, was a unique and
interesting feature. We should add that

A NEW BUILDING

has recently been added to the Institu-
tion group, giving space for a shoe shop
and rooms for the manufacture of canned
fruit. Instruction in shoemaking has
only recently been started, but it
promises to be a valuable and practical
addition. Already all the shoe repair-
ing for the inmates is done on the prem-
ises.

In conclusion we can but record our
gratification at the results that are being
achieved by the labors of the devoted
sisters of St. Mary's—results which not
only involve such beneficence to the pu-
pils themselves, but also so much of the
truest economy to the State and commu-
nity.

—Some members of the militia com-
pany at this place, were congratulating
each other that their seven years' enlist-
ment would expire on the 10th of Aug.,
and they had not seen any active service.
We presume that now they wish their
terms were already out. The call will
discommode many of the militia who
are farmers, and who were compelled to
leave on less than a half hour's notice.

The Great Railroad Strike.

RIOTERS, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS KILLED,
AND RAILROAD PROPERTY DESTROYED.

JULY 21.—Thirteen freight trains were
started out of Martinsburg, W. Va., with
guards of United States soldiers, yester-
day. A fresh blockade took place at
Cumberland, Md., and Gov. Carroll of
Maryland, called out the 5th and 6th
Regiments at Baltimore. The 5th was
ordered to Cumberland, but this order
was countermanded on account of trouble
in Baltimore. As the 6th was march-
ing through the city, it was fired upon,
and in return fired into the crowd, kill-
ing at least eight and wounding others.
The Camden Street Station was set on
fire, but was finally saved. The Gov-
ernor of Ohio has sent troops to Newark
to break the blockade there. Governor
Hartman of Pennsylvania, sent his
Regiment to Pittsburgh to suppress the
riot there. A strike took place on the
Erie Railway at Hornellsville, yesterday,
and no trains of any sort are running on
the road.

HOW AND WHY THE STRIKE BEGAN.

PITTSBURGH, July 21.—An order was
issued by Superintendent Pitcairn, of the
Pennsylvania Railroad, to the effect
that after Thursday last all freight trains
between Pittsburgh and Altoona should
be what are called "double headers," i. e.,
two trains of eighteen cars, each made
into one of thirty-six cars with two en-
gines, one in front and one behind. As
this order provides for no increase in the
number of trainmen for such a train,
the strikers construe it into a practical

CORRESPONDENCE.

Signs.

BY PROF. NEWTON.

Signs have ruined the education of hundreds and hundreds of deaf-mutes. This may appear like a strong statement, but the facts in the case bear us out in the assertion.

As an example of the bad effects arising from their constant use in the school room, permit me to cite the large number of pupils graduated from our State institutions, and ask how many of them can write even an ordinary letter correctly? Very few, indeed. Their ignorance of the English language is really astonishing to every one unacquainted with the particulars of their education.

The report of the closing exercises in a western institution is now before. The principal, in his farewell address to the graduates said he hoped they would constantly seek to increase their knowledge, and learn to depend more on writing in the expressions of their ideas than upon signs, which were of little practical use to them in the outside world, &c.

That was sound advice, but it came five years too late to benefit that class. The time wasted by giving those pupils their sign education, and the damage done their intellects by such a mode of cultivation, can never be recalled nor repaired. The foundation laid during school-life will be built upon in all these years, be it what it may. Signs seems indispensable in beginning the education of the deaf and dumb, but after the pupil has acquired some knowledge of written language signs should be discarded, and the bearer made to understand that they were never intended for anything but a stepping stone for their starting. And after the pupil has been in school one or two years the use of signs in the class room should be strictly prohibited, and then by doing the teaching in a proper manner from that time until he left school, he would have a very fair knowledge of our language, and thus be placed on a near an equal footing with his speaking brothers as it is possible for him to attain.

As it is, there is too much of the French method of teaching in our institutions at the present time. The child begins his school-life with signs and finishes it ditto, and in the end finds that he is almost entirely unfitted for contact with ordinary people. Until we have more of the German system this evil must continue to exist. The extensive use of signs prevents the thorough acquirement of our common language.

And now just one word about teachers. Among the many excellent ones that devote their lives to this noble work, are a few who are utterly incompetent to occupy the places they endeavor to fill. I will not mention either name or place, but permit me to give a simple example with which I am well acquainted: A lady of undoubted intelligence, but whose education has not fitted her for teaching. She has a good knowledge of signs, but of written language she is very ignorant, as is proved by the fact that she is in the habit of getting some of her associate teachers to translate her social correspondence into the sign language before she can fully comprehend what is written. Such teachers had better be in any place else than in the school-room.

In regard to deaf-mutes as teachers objections have been raised on the ground that they never fully comprehend the finer meaning of words. That is extremely poor logic. If it is "impossible for the deaf teacher to fully comprehend finer meaning of words," it certainly must be equally impossible for the pupil ever to do so, and consequently that quality in a teacher is not necessary according to their own showing.

I think deaf teachers when well educated, are fully equal to hearing ones, perhaps even better, as they usually sympathize more with those they teach, being, so to speak, "brothers in misfortune."

Prof. Job Turner on Long Island Sound.

ON BOARD THE MAMMOTH FLOATING PALACE, THE "BRISTOL," LONG ISLAND SOUND, June 29, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Truly do I assure you that I cannot begin writing this letter without feeling thankful to God, who has showed me many kindnesses through my true friends, Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Peet and others, during my short sojourn in New York city, where I had the rare privilege and pleasure of officiating in St. Ann's Church, last Sunday.

I am on board this splendid steamer with Mr. Gray, one of the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, and Mr. Dunnell, a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution. I am on my way to Fall River to hold services there next Sunday, according to my appointment. Kindly did Dr. Gallaudet escort me to the boat to see me safely on board.

I must not fail to write you something about THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

at No. 220 East Thirteenth St., New York, to which place I went with Mr. James Lewis, the city missionary to deaf-mutes, last Monday forenoon. He introduced me to Miss Jane Middleton, the matron, whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make at once, and who paid me very kind attention, for which she has my sincere thanks. To my great surprise I found the Home a nice place for such deaf-mutes. The inmates of the Home could not have found a more comfortable home. I was shown through the building, and found it very well managed. The inmates looked happy and contented. One of the inmates introduced himself to me as James Barnes, from Baltimore, and told me that he

was formerly with George Loring, Wilson White, Geo. Comstock, and perhaps Mrs. Gallaudet, at the Asylum. Miss Middleton, and her assistant, Miss Fanny Seymour, are, I believe, everything that Dr. Gallaudet and the Trustees could desire. It is to be remembered that everything almost always shows that the Lord has done all things well. I was glad to find the inmates taken good care of. O, that the Home was more comfortably endowed! I met my dear old friend and classmate, Mr. Chas. A. Douglas, at the Home, and enjoyed a talk with him for the first time in about forty years. He is, I am sorry to say, almost an invalid and nearly blind. He was a very bright pupil at the Hartford Asylum. He used to be my special playmate. I had heard but little of him for that length of time. He said he was going to Westfield, Mass., in a few days to see the scene of his younger days. He was brought from his home (Fulton, N. Y.) to New York city, to undergo an operation on his eyes; but the doctor who examined them, said that the operation had better not be performed until next winter or spring. I have received a very kind invitation from his brother-in-law (Judge Tyler), to come and spend several days with Charles at Fulton, N. Y., which I shall do with pleasure at no distant day. If I were an invalid, I would, if possible, make the Home mine as long as life lasted; but my thanks are due to God for preserving my health.

Mr. Lewis and myself went to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where we met a deaf-mute gentleman (Mr. McCullough, of Pittsburgh), who accompanied us to see Messrs. Fitzgerald and Witschick at the Custom House. I was pleased to see them pleasantly situated in business. Mr. Fitzgerald seems to understand his business well. Mr. Witschick, I believe, competent to do his work, and he will be retained by the U. S. Government. About two hundred of the officers and clerks have been discharged for lack of funds.

We next went to the East River to look at the Suspension Bridge. It will be a great wonder when it is completed. Last Tuesday Mr. Lewis kindly took me to

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,

where I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. J. L. Peet, who gave me a warm welcome, and I had a pleasant home at the Institution for about three days. I was introduced to so many deaf-mutes that I regret not to be able to remember all their names. On the evening of my arrival, Dr. Peet invited me to dine with him and his family out of the Institution. I enjoyed a good dinner with them late in the evening. I had the pleasure of meeting with and finding Mrs. Peet a noble-looking lady. She is truly a lady of talent, and can write poetry well. There are but few deaf-mutes who can write it as well. I know it from personal experience. Dr. and Mrs. Peet gave a sociable to the graduates of the High Class, and Miss Ida Montgomery's class the same night. The guests enjoyed themselves very well. It rained so hard that they had to stay longer than they intended, till the rain was over. It was so dark that I had to get a deaf-mute guide to lead me to the Institution.

Dr. Porter, the Superintendent, gave me a good room to spend the night in, which I enjoyed very much. He is a fine-looking gentleman, and is, I feel sure, well qualified to do the work in which he is now engaged. He has my deep sympathy in the loss of a good wife, which occurred a few weeks ago.

Last Wednesday morning he and myself went through all the buildings and I was pleased to find them clean and better ventilated than usual. He told me that he examined all the buildings every morning at 8 o'clock to see if everything was all right. He said the pupils of both sexes were permitted to have a reunion or sociable party in the girls' study-room once a month from seven and a half p. m. to half past eight, when they are at once sent to their rooms.

In the afternoon I was present at the closing exercises of the Institution, which occurred in the chapel, which was better filled than usual. Before the commencement of the exercises a special train brought a large party of friends and relatives from the city to the Institution, that sat down to luncheon, which privilege I also enjoyed, after which the chapel was filled with an intelligent and highly respectable audience. Among those present were Rev. S. H. Weston, D. D. of Trinity church, Rev. Dr. Howland, and several other celebrated persons.

The chapel looked gay with many gayly-colored trimmings and wreaths of flowers which were made by the pupils, and the exercises were also very interesting, being conducted by Dr. Peet, assisted by Professors Jenkins and Currier. Dr. Peet interpreted by signs the prayer with which the Rev. Mr. Howland opened the exhibition, and at the same time Dr. Peet told me that he did not find any difficulty in signing and saying anything at the same time, which I consider quite difficult. He said he always signed and said grace at the table at the same time.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. Howland, Dr. Peet informed the audience that during the last year there had been 507 pupils taught within the walls of the Institution, and that the course of instruction had been signally successful. After his address six members of the High Class, three males and three females, extended a hearty welcome to their friends and visitors by writing upon the blackboards, salutations in their own way, which must have been interesting to them. To my great regret I could not read all their written salutations, on account of the distance. They were well composed and reflected much credit upon the members of the class. Miss Florence Woods recited "Nature's Responses" by signs and beautiful gestures, and Miss Florence H. Jones, Drake's "American Flag" with the gracefulness of an actress.

I understood Dr. Peet to say that the responses were prepared by Mrs. Peet. Miss Jones' mother is the girls' supervisor in the Michigan Deaf-Mute Institution. I have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jones and found her a smart lady. The most interesting of the exercises was that of James Caton, a blind deaf-mute who can read the alphabet by the sense of touch. I have talked with him myself and found him quite intelligent. While I was in the boys' wash room for inspection he sent for me to have a talk with me, which he seemed to be pleased to do. I asked him several questions which he answered with accuracy. It was no humbug. I witnessed how he could communicate the story of the man who warned the ungrateful viper as well as if he could see. He spoke as follows: "A villager found a serpent under a hedge. He took it home and put it near the fire. As soon as the serpent was alive, it stung him. The villager said that he was kind to the serpent, but it was ungrateful to him. He must kill it. He took a club and knocked it on the head."

Edward McCormick, 13 years old, who, I am told, lost his arms by a railroad accident, is both deaf and dumb. He wrote several words easily upon the blackboard with a crayon attached to the stump of his arm. After the Rev. Rob't Howland and the Rev. S. H. Weston had made their reports on the examinations, the distribution of certificates, diplomas, and prizes was made. Soon after the guests started for their homes down town.

I spent another night within the walls of the Institution. Mr. James A. Brown, the boys' supervisor, showed me some very kind favors which I enjoyed very much. The next morning after the exhibition, Prof. Gamage, one of the oldest deaf-mute teachers of the Institute, kindly showed me Central Park, which pleased me very much, as I had never before seen it. Never shall I forget his showing me everything worth seeing in the Park. I shall arrive at Fall River to-morrow morning to officiate at the Church of the Ascension next Sunday.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, '77. Many far-seeing and deep-thinking public men are giving considerable attention to the emigration of the colored people of the United States to Africa. The most intellectual black men are proposing the action, and should the tide once turn in that direction, our country would lose a valuable class of laborers that it stands in sore need of. The subject is being agitated by meeting of colored people in some of the Southern States, called for the purpose, the reason given for the proposed movement being political necessities. It is a measure that has not been considered by the white citizens of our Republic, but the Africans—always more or less superstitious—are evidently beginning to look upon the gradual opening of the fertile regions as a special and providential invitation to her long exiled race to come home and find peace, and plenty and freedom. I quote the following, apropos to what I have written above, from one of our city journals:

"There it is no question but that a great field will soon be opened for the enterprise of the colored race in Africa, and our colored citizens will be well qualified by education and training to take lead in the great schemes for the development of the resources of Africa which the British are now planning in so many quarters of that continent. It will open a grand field in which the colored men of this country will see opportunities to acquire wealth by agriculture and commerce and to acquire fame as pioneers and statesmen in the new commonwealths which will arise in that quarter of the globe."

Although Mr. Ketcham was a most estimable and highly esteemed gentleman, Mr. Bryan, his successor, is meeting with unqualified approval as District Commissioner. His character may be understood by an incident related by good authority of him, which took place years ago when Mr. Bryan and Judge Cooley were opposing candidates for the State Convention to amend the Illinois Constitution. The election over, Mr. Bryan was duly notified of his success, but, upon finding that it was due to the fact that the vote of one township had been thrown out on account of a mere technical informality, he immediately wrote to the Committee thanking them for the honor done him but decidedly refused to accept the office.

Mr. Bryan's family is an acquisition to our society, his daughter being a very promising artist. Her teacher here is Mr. Hewly, who considers her talent for portrait painting most flattering. The young lady is yet in her teens.

Washington is swelling with pride over a star actress whom Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott), who lives here, has found and brought out. She is Anna Boyle, a girl of 14, whose part is that of Shakespeare's Juliet. The child inherits her genius, and has been under the instruction and guidance of her father alone. Her great charm as Juliet lies in the fact that she is in face, form, and in every fact, the real Juliet's great. Rarely, if ever, have we seen the great dramatist's heroine of the Capulets characterized except by over-aged actresses. One cannot truthfully represent a girl of 14 summers at 25 or 30. Therefore, this girl, Anna Boyle, is destined to create a sensation when she appears at New York's Union Square Theatre next month, and Washingtonians are but justly proud.

The times are still hard, and I believe are felt more in our city than in most places. Hundreds of people are out of employment, and there is nothing to do. Government business is the business of

the District. And yet the evil is not utterly without remedy. There is no reason why, by the exercise of energy and enterprise, manufactures may not be started in Washington for the furnishing of articles used here. For instance, no city in America consumes so much ink as Washington, and yet not a drop is manufactured here. The same may be said of pens and stationery of all kinds, which can be made as cheaply here as elsewhere and whereby hundreds of persons might be profitably employed. Such enterprises require but little capital, and would add greatly to the business interests of the Nation's centre.

MARTHA MERRILL WHITNEY.

Cleverly Confessed.

A ROGUS "DRUMMER" GETS \$75 ON A COUPLE OF MARROWFAT PEAS—A "BRILLIANT" AFFAIR.

Yesterday morning a gentlemanly looking young man presented himself at the shop of Pickert & Drury, painters, East First street, and introduced himself as M. Neal, traveling for the house of R. Colgate & Co., New York, wholesale dealers in painters' supplies. He succeeded in selling the firm a goodsized bill of goods and all went pleasantly. It is customary for men traveling in this business to get cash at this point to carry them through home, and to either get it from their customers and credit them with it, or to make a draft on their house and have the draft endorsed by some parties who know them. Neal asked Mr. Drury to endorse a draft for \$75 on his house in New York, which Mr. Drury hesitated about doing, saying that Mr. Pickert was the man to see about that kind of business. Neal then said if Drury had any doubt about the matter he would give him a couple of unset diamonds as security, at the same time taking from his pocket an envelope which he said contained the brilliants and sealing it up. With this security Mr. Drury endorsed the draft and Neal got his money and left on the evening train on the D. L. and W. road, checking his bag for Rochester. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Drury opened the envelope to examine the diamonds and found the contents to be a couple of large marrowfat peas. A telegram to Colgate and Co. brought back the answer that no such man as Neal is in their employ and that he is a swindler. The man Neal is described as rather a "nobby" young fellow about 5 feet 6 inches tall, rather slim and light complexioned, with a light mustache. He has evidently been a commercial traveler, as he knows all the routes, the different paint firms along them, and appeared to be acquainted with all the "drummers." He is also no novice in the confidence business.—*Osc. Palladium.*

Greenfield Case.

MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL DENIED—ORDER FOR EXPENSE OF PRINTING BILL OF EXCEPTIONS ALLOWED—CASE AND EXCEPTIONS TO BE SETTLED.

PULASKI, July 20, 1877.

The District Attorney closed his argument at 1 o'clock and the court then took a recess until 5 o'clock for the purpose of considering the case and giving its decision.

At 5 o'clock the court convened and announced its decision as follows. That the motion for a new trial be denied on the ground, first, that, as to the motion so far as it is based on the ground of newly discovered evidence, this court has no power to entertain it.

Second, that so far as it is based on irregularities on the part of jurors this court has no power to entertain it, it being after judgment, and after allowance of writ of error, and settling and filing of bill of exceptions and stay of proceedings granted.

This disposed of the motion as heard before the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the two grounds specified. Then as to its being heard before the presiding justice alone under the statutes, the following decision was given.

Motion denied so far as based on irregularities on the part of jurors on the ground that the Justice has no power to hear it under the statute! And so far as based on newly discovered evidence, on ground no sufficient cause is shown.

Mr. Huntington then renewed his motion made at a former term, for an order granting an allowance for expenses of printing the Bill of exceptions and points.

In the notice of motion he asked that \$600, or so much thereof as might be necessary, be allowed and paid by the State.

The allowance of that sum for any other sum whatever, on the ground.

First, that the court had no jurisdiction to compel the county to pay the expenses of the defendant in this case.

It was estimated that there would be about 400 pages of printed matter, and the rules of the Supreme Court would govern the style of printing.

The District Attorney suggested that the printing of the case should be left with the people and should be done as cheap as possible. He could get it done for 70¢ per page, and the regular price was \$1.25 and he did not want the difference to go into Huntington's pocket.

Any benefit that might accrue to the people by getting the printing done cheap should be given them.

It was finally ordered that the sum of \$350 be allowed for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses of printing the bill of exceptions of defendant, to be paid to the Sheriff by the County Treasurer, upon the production to him of a certified copy of this order and a certificate of a justice of the Supreme Court of the amount necessary to be paid. Next Tuesday, the 24th was fixed upon as the day on which council will meet at the office of Judge Merwin in Utica, to settle the bill of exceptions.

No further business being before the Court, adjourned sine die.—*Oswego Times.*

MEXICANA.

WARM WEATHER GOSSIP FROM A RURAL RETREAT IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

The following communication, cut from the St. Louis Times of July 15, written by a lady resident of Mexico, is highly complimentary to our village:

MEXICO, N. Y., July 12, 1877.

Your correspondent lives in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, which, perhaps, the man in the moon himself never saw, and you, I am quite sure, never heard of. But a gentleman from your city has found us out, and his daily visits at our house during the last month have afforded us great delight. He is a dignified personage, exceedingly well dressed, and his democratic countenance becomes his courtly demeanor. He is very intelligent, and his instructive conversation indicates a high degree of culture. He brings us news from St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and Washington; seems to know all that is going on along the Danube, among the Balkan Mountains, at the fountains of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and under the shadow of Ararat; and can tell us whatever we care to know about Brigham Young, the Black Hills, the Indian war, the Returning Board, and the President's "Southern Policy." There is, indeed, nothing on earth, civil or military, scientific or literary, aesthetic or religious, social or professional, that our ever-welcome visitor is not thoroughly familiar with; while the planets, the wide career of comets, and all the stellar hosts seem to lie within the scope of his intelligence. I had known him many years ago in St. Louis, but his form and features were so altered, and he came in so comely a garb, and spoke with so polished an accent, and looked withal so "fat and well-favored," that I at first had some difficulty in identifying him, and could scarcely believe my own ears when he announced his name as my old friend, St. Louis Times.

This end of the world's axle, whereon your correspondent holds her residence, sticks up in the Empire State, fifteen miles east of Oswego, forty miles north of Syracuse and only three miles from Lake Ontario; amidst the greenest hills, the fairest vales, the sweetest groves, the purest streams, and the finest farms that ever "flowed with milk and honey." Little Joshua entered Canaan. It is a scene of humble saints and polished sinners, numbering about 1,600, everyone of whom is known to every other, all called familiarly by their Christian names, and the greater part originally of two or three families. They raise corn and potatoes, oats and barley, apples and cherries, catch plenty of butter and cheese, catch any quantity of black bass and white fish, abound in everything constituting the chief pabulum of human life, and send myriads of chickens to the hotels at Saratoga. It is the quietest, shadiest, most inviting hiding-place west of Valambrosa; where innumerable birds of gayest plumage sing scarcely less sweetly than the nightingales amid the blooming groves of the Arno.

For pasture there is nothing equal to the occupation of Isaac Walton and St. Peter, and my revered husband often treads in their illustrious footsteps along these pleasant streams, or mentally enjoys their companionship as he "lets down the net" in this American "Sea of Tiberius." The summer climate here is perfect; and if people only knew the Paradisaical delights of our July atmosphere they would come "flying as a cloud, and as doves to their window." But neither the Queen's dominions across the pond, nor "Greenland's icy mountains," nor "India's coral strand" can furnish colder winds and fiercer storms and deeper snows in January and February. We are not a frozen-hearted people, however, as you shall find when you visit us, whether in winter or summer.

St. Paul's discreet remark to the sages of Athens—"I perceive that in all things ye are very religious"—would be scarcely less applicable to the Mexican community. All Christian orders flourish here with a mutual good understanding; and church bells weave wreaths of music in the air, not only three times every Lord's Day, but almost every evening of the week. Your former neighbor, rector of your Trinity Church, on Washington avenue, the Rev. J. Cross, D. D., LL. D., has lately pitched his tent among us, and is doing good service, in Grace Church, for his Master. This is one of the most beautiful houses of worship between New York and St. Louis, and the quiet and industrious minister.

Now, I hope that when you go to New York you will not thunder by at night, as Barnum recently did with all his camels and donkeys; but call and see us, and be refreshed, that you may go on your way rejoicing, "a wiser and a better man."

MEXICANA.

An exchange calls attention to the law which is now in force, "That no minor under the age of fourteen years shall be admitted at any time, to or allowed to remain in, any saloon, or place of entertainment where any intoxicating liquors are sold, or at places of amusement, or dance houses, or concert saloons, unless accompanied by parent or guardian. Any person violating this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

N. W. Woodruff showed us a bunch of wheat grown in Palermo, on the farm of his father, Geo. W. Woodruff. The straw is very strong and tall, and the heads are as well filled as any we ever saw. It was taken from a field of two or three acres, all of which he says is as good. This is a good showing for one Palermo farm.

Attempt to Break Jail and a Plan to Kill Sheriff Low.

The Pulaski correspondent of the Syracuse Standard of the 14th inst., gives the following account of what was planned to be a serious affair at Pulaski: Sheriff Low had a narrow escape from being killed last Monday. Philatus Smith was indicted by the last grand jury for burglary and larceny at Port Ontario, and the prisoner was remanded to Pulaski to await trial. Last Monday forenoon a woman named Mrs. Hedsell of Pulaski called to see Smith. She handed to the prisoner through the "diamond" a most murderous, stout-looking lancet shaped knife, blade and handle nearly a foot long. The blade was sharpened on both edges and brought down to a keen point. It was enclosed in a leather sheath; it might be used in slaughtering an ox. The prisoner also got hold of a club about three feet long, and with these he expected to make a strike for freedom.

Jailor Bartley suspected something was wrong Saturday last, and was on the lookout. One of the prisoners named Dingman saw the knife handed in and Smith told him the whole plot. A brother of Smith's was Monday night, to hand in through a rear gabled window an iron bar and a revolver. Monday night Smith was to pry open his cell door and then escape through the cellar if he could. Failing in that he was to knock at Sheriff Low's door across the door from his cell. When the Sheriff responded Smith was to knock him down with the club and then run the lancet through him and escape very easily through the Sheriff's rooms.

Effects of Hard Times at the Sea Side.

A Newport letter notes the presence of few marriageable young men, and says that among all classes at that place economy is the watchword of this season. Times have really changed, and the visitors, before spending a dollar, now look at it twice. They inquire the price of articles now before they purchase them, and are not backward in inquiring if the storekeeper is not "steep" in his charge. The incomes of those supposed to be millionaires have been materially reduced, and the shopkeepers bear testimony in saying that never before were they so sparing in their purchases. They simply buy what they need, and do not go into the luxuries they formerly did. They examine their pass-books, and although they pay promptly, they want to keep up their expenses. Some refuse to keep an account at any of the stores, following out the maxim "pay as you go" to the letter. A conversation with the leading business men reveals the fact that they are not selling two-thirds the amount of goods to the summer guests that they did last year. The cottagers are as economical as those who are not numbered among "fortune's favored few," and they have been successful at last in finding out the fact that a visit to Newport is not as expensive as it has been. They have secured their cottages at reduced rents, and are able to have workmen to care for their grounds at moderate rates, and servants for the house are hired for nearly one-half the sum which they had to pay a few years ago. Everything else, even carriage hire has been reduced in proportion.

Homicide in Orwell.

SAND BANK, July 23.—News reached this village last evening that yesterday morning, in Orwell, a son of Edwin Stowell, aged 15 years, killed a young man aged 22 years, by the name of Clark, by hitting him with a stone, the particulars of which, as we have been able to gather, are as follows: It appears that these two young men met at the cheese factory of one Hilton and began to renew an old quarrel, when one offered young Stowell one cent if he would strike Clark, which he accepted and struck him, whereupon Clark picked up a stone but did not throw it. Stowell then picked up a stone and threw it at Clark, hitting him in the region of the heart. Clark then turned and walked up the steps of the cheese factory and fell into the door.

At this juncture Stowell, with the rest, left the factory and went berrying, and Hilton, the owner of the factory, commenced making his cheese. For some time no notice seems to have been taken of Clark, who lay still on the floor. After a while Hilton went to him to rouse him, when to his surprise he found him dead. Coroner Caldwell was notified and empanelled a jury, and will hold his inquest well in the jail at Pulaski.

This is the third case of this kind which has happened in Orwell during the last four years.

PULASKI, July 24.—The four boys, whose names are Hubert Hilton, Henry Myers, Elmer Damon and George Stowell, were held on the verdict of the coroner's jury for manslaughter and are now in jail.—*Cor. Oswego Palladium.*

Peterson's Detector of Monday says:—"Twenty-cent pieces with edges filed to represent the milling of the twenty-five cent pieces are in circulation. At first sight, they are readily taken for quarters. Milled in imitation of quarters, they can be detected from the fact that the eagle looks to the right, while on the quarters the head is always pointed to the left."

Rev. Dr. Cross, of Grace Church, this village, is delivering a series of Sunday evening discourses upon charity, which are very interesting and instructive. Last Sabbath evening his remarks were founded upon 1 Cor. xiii. 4—"Charity envieth not"—and they abounded in striking and beautiful figures of speech, and also common sense views of the subject.

Here and There.

—Charles Babcock has been in town on a visit.

—David B. Mains is very sick with typhoid fever.

—The Herald says that Syracuse beats the world for excursions.

—Greenland's icy mountains are approvingly spoken of as a summer resort.

—H. S. Parkhurst, Esq., and family, of Gloversville, N. Y., are visiting at Deacon Smith's.

—The merchant tailors of Syracuse, have resolved no longer to employ Union tailors.

—T. G. Brown has purchased a very nice two-seated wagon from the shop of G. A. Penfield.

—Arthur Brown, Esq., and his son Page, of Adams, N. Y., have been visiting friends here.

—Beware of green fruit. There is any quantity of indescribable agony in a single unripe apple.

—Dr. Heaton and family started for the Thousand Islands, Tuesday morning, to be absent a week or more.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Robbins have gone West to visit their son, F. M. Robbins, who resides at Ottawa, Ill.

—Capt. Nichols of Pleasant Point has extended his dock so that now crafts that draw eight feet of water can land safely.

—The many friends of Miss Kate Brown are very glad to see that she has so far recovered as to be able to ride out these pleasant days.

—Belts of all widths are worn again around the ladies' waists, on the machinery in the shops and over the boys' heads at school.

—Fashionable young men do not consider their attire complete unless a small Japanese fan can be seen peeping out of the coat pocket.

—It has been decided in the higher courts that pigeon shooting is not a violation of the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

—A. R. Murdock is to exhibit his \$1,500 centennial team at the Oswego Falls fair in September. They weigh 3,500 pounds.

—Rev. Mr. Rankin, of Ilion, N. Y., will preach in the Presbyterian church, next Sunday morning and evening.

—D. Barnard starts to-morrow on a fishing excursion to the Thousand Islands. He goes with his own boat.

—Rev. Mr. Pratt, Rector of Trinity Church, Syracuse, has been spending a few days with Rev. Dr. Cross.

—The Ladies of Grace Church will sell ice cream on Mr. L. F. Alfred's lawn, on Main Street, on Saturday evening of this week.

—Hiram Parkhurst, of Gloversville, caught while trolling at Mexico Point, Tuesday, a pickerel weighing about 12 pounds.

—Sixty-six tons of starch were shipped from Oswego for the West, last Thursday, the largest amount ever sent on one boat.

—John Barrows has been putting a new fence in front of his residence on Jefferson St., and has otherwise improved his place.

—A grand three days' excursion from this place to the Thousand Islands will take place about August 23d. Details will be given soon.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. Weed, of Cincinnati, O., are here visiting "Uncle" Solomon Matthews and other friends, all of whom are very glad to meet them.

—Four persons from this place went on the excursion to Niagara Falls, Saturday night. They report a slim attendance, but a very pleasant time.

—Mrs. J. Pettit had two severe attacks hemorrhage of the stomach Monday. Dr. Huntington stopped the flow of blood both times, and she is now some better.

—Gold bonnets are the latest. They are made of straw, which is then steeped in a bath of gold. The trimming consists of a large velvet bow and a humming bird.

—September 5th, 6th, and 7th have been selected as the days on which the Agricultural Society of Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell and Boylston is to be held this year.

—A rumor has grown out of President Sloan's tour of inspection, that the operation of the Syracuse Northern Division may be discontinued. This rumor is without foundation.

—John McKinley and wife, of this village, were in attendance at Round Lake Camp Meeting last week. We are indebted to Mr. McKinley for a copy of a paper published

A Sister Wants to Ask Mr. Beecher a Question.

At the close of the prayer, after sermon, in Plymouth Church Sunday, a sister stood up—an elderly woman—in a front pew of the rear gallery, and, brandishing her fan, said acidly, with evident determination to secure a hearing, "I want to ask a question." She continued speaking in an excited manner, although Mr. Beecher said in a louder tone than usual, "We will sing the fourth hymn."

Inquiring Female—But I want to ask a question.

Mr. Beecher—But we want to sing the fourth hymn.

Inquiring Female—But I must ask a question.

Mr. Beecher—But we must sing the fourth hymn.

Inquiring Female (brandishing her fan and gesticulating vigorously with both hands)—I will ask a question.

Mr. Beecher (motioning to Chorister Camp to push things)—Sing the fourth hymn.

By this time nearly all the congregation were stretching their necks toward the gallery, and most of them were laughing. Mr. Beecher grew very red in the face with the excitement of the moment, but seemed to enjoy the fun. Old John Zundel at the organ, struck up a lively prelude, which was too much for the inquiring female and drowned her voice. She remained standing during the singing of "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love," with a determined look on her angular face, but during the singing she got no chance. When the last words of the hymn died out Mr. Beecher adroitly put in the benediction. Then a torrent of discourse began to flow from the gallery, accompanied with continued brandishment of the fan, but the organ blew the louder.

A Pleasant Reminiscence.

In one of the hotly-contested fights in Virginia, during the war, a federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier, (James Moore of Burke county, N. C.), declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastwork, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink. The federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him; the name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the embankment. They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from the federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in four equal annual installments of \$2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception about the matter.—*Raleigh, N. C. News.*

David and Homer.

David and Homer were contemporaries. Both were poets of surpassing genius; the one the sweetest singer of Israel, the other the epic bard of Greece. Both flourished in the same rude era; the former dwelling on the hills of Judea, the latter wandering over the mountains of Thessaly. Both breathed soul-stirring strains. The one in Hebrew psalmody, the other in heroic verse. Both sang in devotion to the deity; the one in out-gushing praises of Jehovah, the other in lofty eulogiums of demigods.

Both alike wrote in elegant diction, displayed unparalleled versatility of thought, searched out the fountains of nature for striking metaphors, exhibited the depth of eloquence, and exhaled the soul of poetry.

Both were religious; but the one revered the thunder of Sinai, and the other adored the thunder of Olympus. David sang of that God who led the hosts of Israel; Homer praised the gods of Troy. David applauded the deeds of virtuous men, Homer praised the acts of demigods. Homer's gods were slaves of infamy. David's heroes were good and benevolent; Homer's were the vicious and despotic. David was a disciple of the pure religion; Homer was the slave of superstitious idolatry.—*Ec.*

Distinguished Clerks in Washington.

Among the distinguished women of fallen fortunes now holding situations in the departments at Washington, are Mrs. Mary Wilcox, the granddaughter of President Jackson, and the only person living who was born in the White House; Mrs. Charlotte L. Livingston, whose \$900 position was obtained by her relative, Senator Paddock, after all argument against her endeavoring to support herself had failed; Miss C. E. Morris, of Philadelphia, granddaughter of Robert Morris; Miss Sophie Walker, the daughter of Robert J. Walker, who was Secretary of the Treasury during the

presidency of James K. Polk, from 1845 to 1848; Miss Dade, whose mother was a cousin of General Scott; Miss Markoo, daughter of Francis Markoo, who for thirty years was attached to the diplomatic corps of the State department; Miss Helen McLean Kimball, widow of Colonel Kimball, who so signally distinguished himself in the Mexican war; Miss Sallie Upton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., daughter of the late Francis Upton, a distinguished lawyer, and the author of several standard works on admiralty and marine jurisprudence; Mrs. Chaplin, widow of United States District Judge Chapin; Mrs. Tiffey, a cousin of the present Secretary of State, and Mrs. Granger, the widow of the late General Gordon Granger, massacred by the Indians with General Custer.

Literary Notices.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August is full of light and entertaining reading, suitable for the country and the seaside. Lady Blanche Murphy concludes her pleasant papers on the Rhine, and Mrs. Sarah B. Wister gives a lively account, which is also illustrated, of that most beautiful of Italian towns, Verona. "Irish Society in the last Century" sparkles with anecdote and racy description; "In a Russian Tractor," by David Ker, gives us a glimpse of life and manners in Moscow; and "Chateau Courance," by John V. Sears, tells the romantic history of a princely estate near Fontainebleau, long closed to the outer world, which a couple of American artists were recently permitted to explore, and which proved to be full of treasures in the way of art and bric-a-brac. A sprightly paper on "The Paris Cafes," by Gilman C. Fisher, gives many details in regard to the most celebrated resorts in the gay capital and the tastes of their habitués. Mrs. R. H. Davis's new serial, "A Law unto Herself," promises to be one of her most powerful works. There are several other stories, including a clever sketch of negro character, by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. The poems are by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Emma Lazarus, and Emile Poulsson.

THE GALAXY for August devotes eleven pages to the new pictures now on view at the best galleries in London; the article is by Henry James, Jr., who is always in his element when he writes about pictures. Next we are taken by Mr. Fisher to a soiree at the house of Victor Hugo in Paris, and led through the luxurious drawing rooms, where some of the cleverest authors, artists and statesmen of France are assembled, and still better, a sprinkling of charming French women, including several members of our host's family, to whom we are presented. We are led to Stratford-on-Avon, in company with Mr. Richard Grant White. Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, contributes a striking picture of Turkish character by selecting three representative Turkish to illustrate the three leading elements of Turkish society, and throwing the light of his very uncommon descriptive power upon them. Mr. Henry W. Frost writes upon curious tropes and figures of speech which have come under his observant eye; and Mr. George E. Pond discusses the forces which underlie European politics.

In the department of fiction and poetry, we find a pleasing love story by Miss Ella Farman, entitled "A Rose," and another with a comic side, by Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke. The poems, three in number, are fair in quality. The departments of Science, Literature and current gossip are of unusual length and excellence.

Assessors' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors of the town of Mexico have completed their assessment roll for the present year, and that a copy thereof is left with the undersigned, Lyman Robbins, at his dwelling house, in said town, where the same may be seen and examined by any of the inhabitants of said town, during thirty days from the date of this notice. And that the said Assessors will meet at Mayo Hall, in said town, on Tuesday, the 21st day of August, next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon to review their assessments, on the application of any person conceiving himself aggrieved.

Dated Mexico, July 19th, 1877.

LYMAN ROBBINS,
JOHN E. JONES,
FRANK G. SMITH,
Assessors of the town of Mexico.

any one who has been afflicted with the cough, who has bought more of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup, for the past four years, than of any other cough remedy we keep. Judging from this fact, and from what they say of the medicine, we believe it to be a first-class article of its kind. We sell it on its merits. No cure, no pay!

For sale by E. L. Huntington, "The Druggist," and dealers generally. Ask your druggist what he knows about it.

What is the use of wearing pegged boots when you can buy sewed boots at C. T. Croft's for \$2.40 per pair?

Robert Gamble

Is still alive, and has not forgotten how to do work well. In fact, he need not advertise, for his work speaks for itself. Still, it may be well to let his old customers and others know that he is prepared to do work cheaper than ever, and will give satisfaction as heretofore.

ROBERT GAMBLE.
Mexico, July 17, 1877. 38-3

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains

MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill yearly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

Reading Expressly Designed

For the benefit of the

Deaf and Dumb,

consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE

That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS:

Our Paper, notwithstanding the Unusually Low Price

for one of its contents and worth, will, as heretofore, continue to be mailed to subscribers, postage free, terms positively

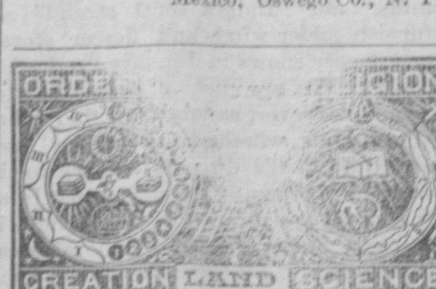
CASH IN ADVANCE.

at the following low figures:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, .75
Clubs of ten, 1.25

These prices are invariable. Never send money in an ordinary letter. Remit in drafts post-office money orders, or by registered letters.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Osego Co., N. Y.



THE SIX NEW WORKS

OF P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I.—Order of Creation. (Chart, 30c.)
II.—Arcana of Nature Revealed. Based on Mathematics. Twelve Axioms of Creation. 8c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, 3.00
III.—Circle of Religion & Science. (Chart, 30c.)

IV.—Landscapes of History. Based on Circles, Twelve Axioms of History. 8c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$3.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, 2.00
V.—Rational Dream Book. (Chart, 30c.)
VI.—Inner Life Night Thoughts. (Chart, 30c.)

Ten per cent. off to Ministers. These new works should be in the hands of all who wish to pursue the science of religion and natural history of Creation, History and Science.

M. A. EMERY & CO., PUBLISHERS, 214 Broadway, New York City.

The Works mailed free on receipt of Like

Sum of Money.

For sale by E. L. Huntington, "The Druggist," and dealers generally. Ask your druggist what he knows about it.

35-4

What is the use of wearing pegged boots when you can buy sewed boots at C. T. Croft's for \$2.40 per pair?

ROBERT GAMBLE.

Is still alive, and has not forgotten how to do work well. In fact, he need not advertise, for his work speaks for itself. Still, it may be well to let his old customers and others know that he is prepared to do work cheaper than ever, and will give satisfaction as heretofore.

ROBERT GAMBLE.

Mexico, July 17, 1877. 38-3

A Good Reason for Happiness.

On the 13th of September, 1876, a man of middle age and gentlemanly appearance—his face beaming with pleasure—entered Dr. Kennedy's office and inquired of the patients in waiting if the Doctor was in. Being answered in the affirmative, he took a chair to await his turn for an interview. In due time the Doctor reached the stranger and said: "Well, my good friend, what can I do for you?" Whereupon the visitor replied: "My name is Washington Monroe. I live in Catskill, Greene county, N. Y., and have come to Roundout for no other purpose than to see and thank you for what you have already done for me—by means of your medicine, the Favorite Remedy. As I see you are very busy I will state the facts in my case in as few words as possible. For many years I had suffered from a complaint which the physicians whom I had consulted concerning it agreed in calling Gravel. I successively employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded as hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally, my wife induced me to try a bottle of your Favorite Remedy, which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in our village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now a grateful, happy, and (as far as I know) as healthy a man as there is in the country.

Since then I have gone on circulating my story and recommending your medicine to others of my acquaintance whom I knew to have suffered from Kidney and Liver complaints; and although the assertion may be doubted by the ignorant and incredulous, I assure you, sir, and through you to the public, that the Favorite Remedy has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance. I thank you, Doctor, for your medicine, and I rejoice in the good fortune which led you to discover and circulate it; and it is my hope, and that of others I know, that you may be spared to introduce the Favorite Remedy into every part of the country. It is just what suffering mortals need. You are at liberty to make mention of my case in any way you may think best, and I trust that some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it, and try the Favorite Remedy, as I did."

Mr. Monroe's case—although remarkable—is only one of many similar ones which might be cited, were it necessary. To those who ordinarily call in question the genuineness of the mass of testimonials, it may be worth while to point out the fact that the case above cited is located within about twenty miles of the city in which the Favorite Remedy is manufactured, and can be easily contradicted if untrue in any particular. Remember the name: Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Price, One Dollar. 36-4.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$8.75 red 10.00, white 10.50
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail) 1.25
Shorts, ½ ton, 22.00
Shipments, ½ ton, 22.00
Middlings, ½ ton, 22.00
Corn, 50
Oats, 50 @ 55

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:
Butter, 10 @ 15
Loose Butter, 10 @ 12
Cheese, 10
Lard, 11
Eggs, ½ doz, 13
Beef ½ lb, 05 @ 12
Beef, ½ cwt, 84 @ 6
Mutton, ½ cwt, 83 @ 40
Pork, ½ barrel, retail, 81 @ 10
Pork ½ cwt, 85
Apples, (dried,) ½ lb, 04
Ham, ½ lb, 11
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb, 8 @ 10
Potatoes, ½ bush, 50
Beef Hides, per lb 5 @ 6

Housekeepers Take Notice.

Osego Flour, Winter, \$ 2.45; Spring, \$ 2.25
Kerosene oil, 15 cts per gallon.
80 Cent Tea, 50 cts per lb.
50th Butter 1.00, 25 cents.
New Orleans 1.00 Molasses, 70 cts. per gal.
Pork, per lb, 8c
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON,
Washington St., Mexico.

W. V. RANGER,

OF SYRACUSE, the Artist, is prepared to furnish superior qualities of Photographs, German, Finnish, Crayon, Ink, &c.

His suit of rooms are conveniently situated in WEITING BLOCK, SYRACUSE, N. Y. His beautifully finished work, is shown by numerous elegant samples. Be sure and give him a call when you visit Syracuse. His skillful and polite operators are always ready to wait on customers. 24-ly

FISH'S

SARATOGA WATER CURE

A RELIABLE SUBSTITUTE for Saratoga Mineral Waters,

Cures certain forms of DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, AND CONSTIPATION!

Relieves Sick Headache, Instantly. Highly recommended by Physicians where known. Cheap, convenient and reliable. No family should be without it.

For sale by JOHN C. TAYLOR, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y., 35-3m

Call for Circular.

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

CHAS. BEEBE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Office, in Morse & Irish's Insurance office, Main St., Mexico. 5-ly

J. U. MANWAREN, M. D.

MEXICO, N. Y.
Office Jefferson St., opposite Post office. Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets. Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty. SATURDAYS of each week special office days. All calls promptly attended. 25

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Mexico Hotel. Entrance on Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All cases will receive prompt attention. 24-ly

REAL HAIR SWITCHES

For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madame Foy's patent Corded Switch Supporter. Mexico, May 19, 1875.

H. B. DOBSON,

Dentist.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain all ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

J. D. HARTSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store Main St.

Wm. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser.

Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies' and children's hair. Shop on Main street, Mexico.

DIVORCES

Legally and quietly obtained in every State and Territory, for INCOMPATIBILITY and other causes, no matter where the parties reside. 13 years' experience. Fee after decree. All letters confidential. Address

A. J. DEXTER,
Att'y, Rooms 8 & 9, 132 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Unquestionable references given. Correspondence with the legal profession invited. 44-ly

Insure your Property

WITH MORSE & IRISH, Fire, Life & Accidental Insurance Agents

Insurance to any amount placed in first-class companies. Satisfaction guaranteed to all who trust their business at this agency.

Representing over \$100,000,000 American and English Capital.

COMPANIES

Conn. Mutual Life of Hartford, Travelers Accidental of Hartford, Y. on Monday, Aug. 20, 1877, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described real estate, whereof the said deceased owned and claimed the title, to-wit:

Phenix Fire of Hartford, Royal of England, Waterbury of N. Y., Agricultural of N. Y., N. Y. Central of N. Y., Onondaga, Merchants of Providence, Lancashire of England.

Office first door east of Empire Block, D. C. MORSE, GEO. W. IRISH Mexico, Jan. 11, 1876. 11

H. C. BEALS,

Photographer

Jefferson St., Mexico, N. Y.

All the latest styles of Pictures, from Life size to the smallest Gem, made on short notice. Coloring in Oil or Water Color done to order.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COPYING. FRAMES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

Carriages

AND WAGONS

OF ALL STYLES & VARIETIES

AT THE Lowest Living Prices

AT MILLER'S,

MEXICO, N. Y.

April 11, 1877. 24

L. H. Conklin

BANKER,

MAIN ST., MEXICO, OSWEGO CO.

N. Y., buys all kinds of Government Securities,

AND OSWEGO COUNTY BONDS,

at favorable rates. Sells Drafts on New York Collections made in all points, and remittance made promptly.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Also Agent for the following well known and respectable Fire Insurance Companies, viz:

HOME OF NEW YORK, 3,730,981.60,
NIAGARA, 1,371,315.55,
HARTFORD, 2,926,220.79,
Mexico, Nov. 6, 1872.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Ben. Vandell & Co., Box 512, No. 5 Westcott St., N. Y. 12-6m

Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R. R.

1877. Summer Arrangement. 1877.

On and after Monday, July 9th, and until further notice, passenger trains will run on this road as follows, (Sundays excepted):—

GOING EAST.
Leave Mexico, 7.10 a. m.
2.32 p. m.
6.25 p. m.
GOING WEST.
Leave Mexico, 6.20 a. m.
12.25 p. m.
8.05 p. m.

Arrive at Oswego, 7.45 a. m.
1.10 p. m.
8.50 p. m.

LEAVE NEW HAVEN.
Going East—
6.40 a. m.
2.10 p. m.
6.11 p. m.

Going West—
6.40 a. m.
2.10 p. m.
8.13 p. m.

J. W. MOAK, Gen'l Supt.
H. T. FRARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

Syracuse Northern Railroad.

GOING NORTH—LEAVE

Syracuse, 2.30 p. m.
Central Square, 3.20 p. m.
Mallory, 3.32 p. m.
Hastings, 3.40 p. m.
Union Square, 3.47 p. m.
Holmesville, 4.07 p. m.
Pulaski, 4.20 p. m.
Sandy Creek, 4.32 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—LEAVE

Sandy Creek, 7.00 a. m.
Pulaski, 7.24 a. m.
Holmesville, 7.39 a. m.
Union Square, 7.49 a. m.
Hastings, 8.02 a. m.
Mallory, 8.10 a. m.
Central Square, 8.32 a. m.
Syracuse, 9.30 a. m.

The clock in the Superintendent's office at Syracuse is the Standard Time, and will be regulated by New York Central Time.

J. W. MOAK, Agent and General Manager
Syracuse, May 14, 1877.

THE People of the State of New York, to the Hon. Justices of the Supreme Court, of the County of Oswego, deceased, send Greeting: